SOME REFLECTIONS ON CRUELTY TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.

To which are added,

ANIMADVERSIONS OF SEVERAL AUTHORS ON THE SUBJECT.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

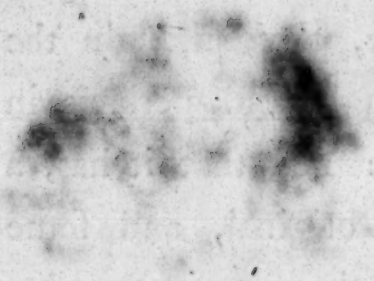
It cannot ſurely, need any apology, that the Author of the following reflections, hath conſented, to let them be made public: For he will own, that he did not deſign, to indulge, or obtrude, malignant cenſure; but to give vent to pity, rather than his indignation; and with an earneſt wiſh; to make any, that might read them, conſider, for what purpoſes the great number of creatures, endued with life, and ſenſe, were brought forth; and how far, the propenſity of ſome, to prey on the lives of others, (which ſeems in ſome inſtances abſolutely neceſſary for their ſubſiſtence) will authoriſe us, to treat them, with the accuſtomed ſeverity, which is uſually practiſed: And, as we ſeem ſenſi-

ble, that we are accountable, to a ſuperior Power; for the injury we commit againſt each of us; why reaſon doth not tell us, that by cauſing ſo much miſery to other creatures, with little, if any, advantage to ourſelves; we are as accountable. But, when the mind, is habituated to opinions, founded upon the general conſent, and approbation, of mankind; it is ſo confirmed, as not to be eaſily moved, to alter; nevertheleſs, through the efforts, of ſome ingenuous, and well-informed ſpirits, within the laſt century; the light of knowledge, has, in various inſtances, diſperſed the illuſions of error: Yet ſtill, much remains; which upheld by pride, eagerneſs for wealth, and ſenſual gratifications, but little leiſure is left, to expoſe the fallacy on which they are ſupported.

How diſcouraging then, to try to change them, in ſuch perſons who may fear thereby, the guſt of their chief enjoyments, will be weakened, if not quite deſtroyed: Yet as there are ſome, whoſe minds, are not ſo much debauched, or ſo tenacious of general opinions; whom zeal for truth, may excite, to examine, what bears its leaſt reſemblance: The Author has ventured, to oppoſe, and condemn the multitude, who, without juſtice or reaſonable authority, ſpread miſery among the animals, over which, the exerciſe of their power, can, any way, contribute, to their fancied pleaſure, and amuſement; hoping from the enſuing hints; ſome abler means, will be undertaken, with the ſame good deſign. He might have adduced, many intereſting, and powerful motives, to compaſſion and regard for them: from a de-

ſcription, of the wonderful mechaniſm of their frame, and amazing property of their faculties: But, as theſe, are a ſubject, ſo very ably, and frequently diſcuſſed, (though it does not appear, that thoſe accurate deſcriptions, were made with any regard, to their benefit ;) he thought it not neceſſary ; and beſide, it is a ſubject, ſo very extenſive ; as would have overſwelled the limits, of his correſpondence ; for it may be ſeen, that, he has not made uſe, of any elaborate arguments, in ſupport of his opinions: Being ſatisfied with drawing, and holding up, to view, a rude ſketch, or outlines, of a picture ; the character, and lineaments, of whoſe viſage, as they have been deſcribed, by a few good judges, and well-wiſhers of the ſubject ; he has ſelected ſome of ; and placed, to compare, hoping their opinions, and re-

marks, will perſuade, that, though the lines are drawn rough, and perhaps in ſome places obſcure: Yet, that it has, a reſemblance to the original, and ſome touches, which have the genuine marks, of truth and nature. And though the dreſs, which is very negligent, may, by thoſe, who like nothing, that is not faſhionable; be thought diſpleaſing: Yet, he flatters himſelf, that it may endure, till time ſhall have worn off, the intolerant bigotry of preſcriptive form, which ſhackles plain meaning in fetters; whoſe ornaments, alone, are moſt eſteemed; he will only aſk forgiveneſs, where, through haſte, he may have omitted, or not rightly declared the authors names, and places, from whence he has ſelected the ſubjoined reſpectable quotations.



INVOCATION.

KIND Pity, gentle, meek-ey'd maid, aſſiſt
To plead the cauſe of ſuff'ring innocence;
Beſtow a ray of thy benignity,
That I may ſhew, although in ſpeech but rude,
The unjuſt, arbitrary violence,
To creatures furniſh'd with inferior powers,
And, candidly, may vindicate their right.

And, Philalethes, I already ſee
Fair ſmiling Hope ſupport the lifted arm;
Bidding her lend her generous healing aid,
And beckons me to ſpeak: Pray then attend;
With patience hear, a much-neglected Theme,
In artleſs guiſe diſclos'd, and unadorn'd
With Attic fire, or elevated Phraſe.
Ah! wou'd it ſtir ſome well-enlighten'd mind,
Whoſe ſtrong pathetic eloquence wou'd clear
The muddy'd pool, where Superſtition
Foſters dark Deceit: then Truth, with luſtre,
Wou'd emerge, from prejudices freed,
The overwhelming waves of Ignorance and Error.

EPISTLE

THE

FIRST.

In the moſt clear and comprehenſive view
Of nature's wond'rous, never-ceaſing works,
The mind is loſt, in admiration
Of ſuch amazingly ſtupendous power:
Yet may, throughout this world, perceive
A ſeries of œconomy, diſplay'd all o'er;
Adapted to the uſe, and well ſupport,
The benefit, of every living creature:
And that their various forms, and faculties,
Their ſhare of power, doth conſtitute a chain,
Whoſe links, in juſt, ſubordinate degree,
Securely kept, inviolate from wrong,
Maintain the general happineſs of all.

That, ere the rapine, fraud, and violence
Of man, had rang'd abroad; each creature then,
Enjoy'd content, and all the world was peace.

For, when mankind were pleas'd to feed alone
On nature's wholeſome vegetable ſtores,
And only drink the chryſtal running ſtreams,
They then, their paſſions calm, their reaſon clear,
And the affections benevolent and pure,
With humble, grateful, and obedient mind,
Hearken'd to Nature, as the voice of God. (A)

If any evil accident aroſe,
A quick relief prevented ſad diſmay:
Soft ſoothing pity, and aſſiduous care,
Soon heal'd the mind, and kindly cur'd their pain.

Thus happy, void of care, and undiſturb'd,
All creatures ſafely dwelt, without diſtruſt
Of enmity, or injury from foes.

No reſtleſs, vain, unnatural deſires
Diſturb'd their tranquil peace; but, free from guile,
Malevolence, or domineering pride,
They ſocial join'd in mutual good will;
And all, well pleas'd, with ſympathizing joy,
Hail'd the firſt beams of early riſing dawn,
The cheerful light, of each returning day.

And while ſome ſorts proclaim'd, in vocal ſtrains,
Their joy, the others, (even thoſe which lend
Their willing aid, to labour in the fields),
With gentle ſervitude, were not leſs pleas'd;
And all obtain'd a due, conſiſtent ſhare
Of happineſs, their being's end and aim. (B)

But when, by full increaſing draughts of wine,
Which, like to Eden's interdicted fruit,
Provokes, and arms the paſſions, to rebel,

Leaving the ſoul to penitence and ſhame,
Mankind, at length, were tempted to exceſs:
Their calm ſerenity was diſcompos'd,
By looſe affections, newly ſet afloat;
Then ſocial Peace, which happily had reign'd,
Without contentious Strife, was quite deſtroy'd.

For ſoon rough Diſcord, with vindictive rage,
Stretching it's ruthleſs, direful arms abroad,
Ruſh'd furious on, to horrid, dreadful ſlaughter,
Drenching them deep, defil'd in ſtreaming blood;

While, in theſe conflicts, Famine's meagre front,
Advancing, frightens them, with dread diſmay;
(For Nature ſtints her vegetable ſtores,
Without the wonted aid.) Theſe ſons of men,
By hunger preſs'd, aſſault the harmleſs flocks;
And, with an appetite unnatural,
(Horrid to thought!) with eagerneſs, devour

(Though with remorſe, at firſt,) the carcaſes
Of their, ſo late familiar, fellow creatures.

Then fled all confidence reciprocal;
And, in its ſtead, alarming, dreadful fears,
Of faithleſs foes, diſturb their anxious minds.
Thoſe which in friendſhip ſocial had been,
Now ſhun, with doubt, and apprehenſive dread,
Th' approaching ſteps of terrifying man,
Who wantonly, at length, invades their haunts,
And, with vain-glorious emulation fir'd,
With ſavage eagerneſs, purſues to death,
His timid, harmleſs, panting prey; then, ſmear'd,
And loaded, homeward, with his bloody ſpoils,
Exults, triumphant, in his cruel carnage.

So 'ſcap'd, from that intoxicating cup,
A ſwarm of num'rous ills, that ſpread ſuch waſte
Around the land, that thence it was deform'd;
And, from a peaceful, pleaſant Paradiſe,
'Twas made, at length, a hideous field of blood.

Nor man alone become the dreaded foe,
Dire ſlaughtering; thoſe beaſts and birds, which erſt,
For lifeleſs carcaſes had ſearch'd abroad,
Innoxious; ſelf-preſervation now
Compels, at hunger's call, to ſhare, with man,
In ſuch invaded, waſted ſpoils, and try,
With force, or artifice, to ſeize their prey.

But think not, abſolutely, this decreed;
They, doubtleſs, were for other uſe deſign'd;
To clear away the carcaſes which age,
Or accidents, had weak, or lifeleſs, left
Abroad; and, but for ſuch conſuming means,
Wou'd putrify, and ſoon corrupt the air.

Then why ſuch power, ſuch crafty ſkill, in theſe,
To ſeize the living prey; or, why that prey,
Such ſpecial means of ſafety from thoſe foes?

Know this, that for the higheſt ends, the good
Of all: the Wiſdom which ordain'd this world,

Seeing the utmoſt bounds of all events,
Included, ever ſure, within the pale,
Of his unchanging, juriſdictive will,
Eſtabliſh'd equal means, that will preſerve,
In all contingencies, that can enſue,
His works, (though, for a certain time, they ſtray,)
From any loſs, or ruin.

And, though mankind have ſtretch'd their truſted power,
Beyond the bounds of right, and waſted thus,
Such multitudes of lives, to gratify
And glut their luxury; the purpoſes,
Which Providence, moſt firmly, hath decreed,
Shall not, by any foul, ſiniſter means,
Be render'd ineffectual and vain.

Wherefore does waſteful, fooliſh man exult;
And, with ſuch triumph, boaſt, with force, or fraud,
To conquer, and deſtroy ſo many lives,

And glory in the ſport? That triumph is
Contemptible; and, like Drawcanſir's, vain,
Whoſe empty, bragging vaunt, when ſwell'd,
exclaims
Aloud, "All this I do, becauſe I dare!"

But, ſurely, thus they raſhly counteract,
And ſet at nought kind Providence's care.
For what avails the utmoſt, wond'rous ſkill,
Sagacious; or, even the ſwifteſt ſpeed;
Againſt the ſly contrivances of fierce,
Blood-thirſty men; who, arm'd with lightning,
Inſidious to betray, ſend ſecret, ſwift
Deſtruction, on their moſt innocent,
And unſuſpecting prey?

Or, by what means cou'd Providence protect
Such beings, in ſubordinate degree,
Againſt the ſelf-will'd, indirect deſigns,
Of cruel, treacherous men; who diſregard
Kind Nature's laws, and love to wade in blood?

Who, with ferocious ardor, in their ſport,
" Cry havoc, and let looſe the dogs of war ;"
And who, in witleſs wantonneſs, wou'd ſpoil
Nature's beſt works, if not by laws reſtrain'd ;
And, cou'd they hurl down angels from their
ſpheres,
Wou'd triumph in their fall.

While ſober Reaſon, frighted, ſtands aghaſt,
To ſee mankind, her wild, unworthy ſons,
So barbarouſly delight to cauſe diſtreſs ;
Encouraging remorſeleſs, ſavage thoughts,
Inimical to every tender ſenſe
Of charity, or kindneſs, in the ſoul :

Be it your buſineſs, as in duty bound,
To reprehend ſuch cruel practices,
To thoſe within the circle of your cure ;
And, in defiance of the force of faſhion,
Aſſert, and vindicate, reſpecting theſe,
The juſt, benignant attributes of God.

What fruit from the ability of thoſe,
Who, with much labour and induſtrious care,
Have trac'd out Nature's utmoſt ſecret ſprings,
And know full well of creatures numberleſs,
Moſt wonderfully made, with ſenſe acute,
And nerves alive all o'er; who, while they think,
In ſhewing forth theſe many wond'rous works,
They glorify their God, are heedleſs of
Their fate; and only mock him with a vain,
And empty praiſe; while, careleſs, they neglect
The means, that may preſerve his works from ruin.

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

EPISTLE

THE

SECOND.

WHEN bold Licentiouſneſs had thus broke
down
The ſacred barriers Prudence had maintain'd,
Imperial Reaſon's truſty centinel;
They queſtion her authority to rule,
And range at freedom, void of all reſtraint,
Refuſing all ſubjection to her power.

Reaſon dethron'd, they ſpurn at Nature's laws;
Arraign her conduct, and contemn her bounty;
And, from a vain, capricious fancy, fix
A ſubſtitute, an idiot idol, Faſhion;
" Virtue's deadlieſt foe," whom, with reverence

And zeal, the fooliſh, ſuperſtitious ſlaves,
Moſt ſtudiouſly obey; and, each one aids,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport, a fickle power;
Which mangles, and disfigures Nature's beſt,
And faireſt forms; makes vice and virtue, with
Wrong ſignatures impreſs'd; miſlead the mind;
And ſtifles, or makes impotent, the beſt,
The nobleſt inſtincts of the ſoul.

And, though kind Nature, full of beauteous charms,
Declares her will, in dictates of delight;
Yet few regard, or liſten to her voice;
Though utter'd pleaſing, with a ſkill divine,
From Wiſdom's ſacred, heav'n-inſpiring lips.

Canſt thou explain the ſtrange, fantaſtic cauſe,
Why Nature's bounty ſhou'd be thus deſpis'd;
While Art, induſtrious, ſhews her mimic toys,
Which ſtill, with much avidity, are ſought;
And, almoſt to idolatry, ador'd?

For you, my friend, I think, are well convinc'd,
That, to enlight, and ſatisfy the mind,
The Book of Nature muſt be ſtudy'd o'er;
Where profit and delight, will gratify
The ſearch, and, even a leſs attentive view,
Will ſeldom fail, to ſooth it into peace.

You then, who carefully have view'd this globe;
And often ſearch'd into the ſecret ſource,
And wonderful effects of Nature's works,
Through allthe paths that yet have been explor'd;
Permit me ſay, what, to thy learned mind,
Stood, from conjecture, probably confeſs'd.

But yet, with humble reverence and awe;
For, well you know, that ſooner may we fly,
Embody'd as we are, to the extent,
Of our vaſt, circling, planetary ſphere;
And viſit, as they roll their various courſe,
In leſs or greater orbs, each different

Circumvolving globe, than mortals ever
Can deſcribe, or comprehend their Maker.

The Awful, Great, Incomprehenſible ;
The infinite, Eternal Mind, the ſpring
Of all perfection, the Supreme ſource,
Of ever-flowing Life and Bliſs ; ſends forth,
In ſtreams, from his benignant Radiance,
Vivific ſparks, through Worlds as yet unknown.

In brightneſs, and proportions various,
All cloath'd with fading, inſtrumental forms,
Which, ere they periſh, propagate ſupply,
For ſure and ſemblant Reproduction.

Innumerable, as particles of light,
Diffus'd through endleſs ſpace ;
Retaining always, an efficient power ;
Which, in its action, organis'd, we call,
In diverſe ſenſe, although the ſame in deed ;

The faculty of inſtinct, or of Reaſon;
The firſt, tranſmitted through a medium pure,
The other, by the imagination modify'd.

Their faculties, as various as their forms;
To which, thoſe faculties muſt correſpond;
Promoting, in their own, the intereſt
Of all; where, though unequal, all are fram'd
Suſceptible of pleaſure and of pain:
The firſt, is found to virtue conſequent,
As is the laſt to vice. To guide the choice,
Each has a clear, diſcerning, moral ſenſe,
Volition, and diſcreetneſs, being free.

Although the groſs material forms decay,
And mingle with the duſt, the ſoul ſtill lives;
Nor, 'midſt the atoms multifarious flux,
Which conſtitutes, and fills, the ample ſtore,
Of ſtill ſucceeding forms, will e'er the firſt
Directing principle be loſt.

This ſpacious theatre is thus ſupply'd;
And, by a conſtant change, exhibits a
Progreſſive ſcene, a ſpectacle
Exuberant, and that is always new.

The gift of life, in bounty, is beſtow'd,
As means of preſent, and of future bliſs,
According as employ'd; they, therefore, have
The means to weigh, compare, and judge effects,
Both preſent and remote, then chooſe, or ſlight,
The practicable means, according to
Their unengag'd, and ſelf-deciding will.

" That power deny'd, they're rationals no more,
" But paſſive engines, void of praiſe or blame."

The path of rectitude for them deſign'd,
Is pointed out by Nature's hand, the true
And faithful miniſter of God,
Planted with objects, grateful to the ſenſe,

Where ſome few thorny buſhes intervene,
To give enjoyment proper zeſt, and, to
Awake the mind, to the purſuit of virtue.

Diſtinguiſh'd from the rude, diſorder'd waſte,
Where Error lurks, in Truth's diſguiſe, and oft
Deceives the negligent, to their undoing:
But this, purſu'd with conſtant diligence,
Uninterrupted care, leads on to hopes
Of happineſs, and everlaſting joy.

" For thoſe who do not mourn, the taſk or pains,
" The Great directing Mind of All ordains"

A taſk to all, that's eaſy, light, and plain,
When not perplex'd by ignorance, and craft
Of guides; with fancy'd ſpectres, dogmas dark,
And unintelligible, with interdictions dreadful,
Driving enthuſiaſtic zealots to deſpair.

While other creatures reaſon from the plain,
Diſtinguiſh'd documents of ſenſe, obſerve
Obedience to Nature's laws, alone,
They get from her, the neceſſary means,
Of comfort and ſupport, and, when not with
External harm, or violence, oppreſs'd,
Contented with their lot; and, in degree
Of abſtinence, and patience under ills,
Will have, be ſure, their Maker's kind reſpect;
Which, if not here retributive, for what
Is paſt, 'tis probable, will be diſplay'd,
In future, adequate reward. (C)

For hapleſs is their ſtation here, and full
Of terrible alarms, from the moſt harſh,
Oppreſſive tyranny of cruel Man,
Who riots and exults in their diſmay;

And yet there's no authority proclaim'd,
Or any pitying, friendly voice is heard,

To reprehend the barbarous cruelty,
Although ſuch choſen numbers are ordain'd,
To ſhew their Maker's true benignity,
His tender mercies, over all his works.

But why, the rev'rend diſpenſers of
A doctrine, whoſe precepts flow from love;
Why divert, or ſparingly diffuſe, theſe
Beneficent and ſalutary ſtreams,
Refuſing other creatures any claim;
When Truth, moſt happily, muſt now confeſs,
The brands of dreadful Diſcord, almoſt quench'd;
Which, in their conflagration, had near dry'd,
Thoſe kind, ſalubrious ſprings, and laid in waſte,
One quarter of the globe?

END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

EPISTLE

THE

THIRD.

THOU, Philalethes, who, in early youth,
Imbib'd the juſteſt ſentiments of virtue;
Ideas of the moſt extenſive love,
With all thy efforts for the human weal;
Dilating ſtill thy merciful regard,
To what has ſenſe of pleaſure, and of pain;
Doth often, feelingly, lament the wrong,
Enforc'd on creatures that are innocent,
And which by Nature, doubtleſs, were deſign'd
To be ſecure, in ſafety and in peace.
What, though their countenance does not expreſs,
Like human features, agony of woe,
Yet, think they feel affliction's poignant ſting,

And hopeleſs deſperation not the leſs,
Although they flee not from themſelves, through pain,
Impatient grief, or ſelf-reproachful ſhame.

Who that conſiders the parental love,
But muſt regret, the barbarous, cruel wrong
Againſt the feather'd tribes, where thoughtleſs youth,
With unforbidden licence roam abroad,
To ſearch throughout "each grove and alley green,
"Dingle, and buſhy dell, and every boſky bourn,
"From ſide to ſide;" and, raſhly, tear away
The birds' moſt curiouſly conſtructed neſt,
The warm, ſoft lodging, for the callow brood;
And take, ere hatch'd, the ſpeckled, ſhining ſpoils,
T' adorn, in pendant, variegated rows,
As trophies brave, the ruſtic's plaſter'd walls.

Or, ſhou'd their hot impatience be reſtrain'd
Till, by degrees, the brood are feather'd o'er,

Then, while they view, with rapturous delight,
The ſpacious ſky; and, fondly, in their hopes,
Anticipate their long and ardent flight;
With barbarous hands they're quickly torn away,
Moſt cruelly, from their affrighted, ſad,
Lamenting parents, whoſe deprecating cries
Are heard, alas! without the leaſt regard.

Thus, with licentious rapine, are deſtroy'd
The tender young, the fondly cheriſh'd hopes
Of almoſt all the charming feather'd race.
Surely, it ſhou'd be thought deplorable,
As that ſad, raſh, inhuman maſſacre
Of Bethlehem's babes, whoſe mothers mourn'd
like theſe,
In wailings ſad their melancholy loſs.

Theſe cruel inſtances you oft deplore;
And, with thy dear Arpaſia, the fond
And tender partner of thy ſoul, whoſe mind's
Replete (rare excellence,) with ſentiments

Of Nature's harmony, lament the cauſe
Is not remov'd, by firſt inſtilling juſt
And equitable notions, in the minds
Of youth, who eaſily will reverence
And regard the rights of innocence,
As ſacred from all voluntary harm. (D)

Oft, with concern, ſhe blames the cruel waſte
Which thus depopulates the verdant groves,
And leaves them almoſt deſolate and dumb;
Solemn, ſtill, and joyleſs, as the grand,
Superbly ornamented manſions,
Which furious war, or deadly peſtilence,
Hath mournful left, forſaken, and forlorn.

Why ſuch ungrateful, ſtupid diſregard
Of bounteous Nature's kind and cheering gifts,
Which oft excite, and pleaſe the attentive mind,
With ſoothing ſounds of vocal harmony,
To ſentiments of the Creator's love,
In thus diffuſing happineſs abroad;

Which, when redundant, in the leafy groves,
Reſounds in joy and gladneſs all around?

An incenſe that's acceptable to Him,
Who ſurely wills the happineſs of all,
And, when it's thus expreſs'd, is gratitude,
Although they're ignorant from what, or whence,
The dear, the pleaſing, heart-felt bleſſings flow.

While Aſia's children, with their arms outſpread,
Embrace, protect, and cheriſh, almoſt all
Of animated creatures, where they on aid,
And fit ſupport do mutually depend;
The barbarous ſons of Europe, with leſſons, full
Of truth, and teaching univerſal love;
Contracting their benevolence to man,
As though they ſhou'd monopolize the whole,
Have puzzled, and perplex'd their true deſign;
That the benignant, uſeful aim, which ſhou'd
Excite our charity, to creatures all,

In dark, myſterious ſophiſtry's abſorb'd;
And, in ſelf-intereſt, is almoſt loſt.

But thou, whoſe generous, ſympathizing ſoul,
Is griev'd for foreign, as domeſtic woe;
And, like the philanthropic Howard,
Explores, neglected objects to relieve;
And not forgets the harmleſs animals;
To pity their diſtreſs: thou wilt not, ſure,
Diſdain, or think it trifling concern,
As many do; ſometimes, at leaſt, to plead,
With zeal, and earneſtneſs, for their diſtreſs:
Nor, with evaſive ſophiſtry, wilt ſay,
Like crafty Shylock, "'Tis not in the bond:"

But teach mankind benevolent regard,
To life of every various kind; as all
Proceeds from one great Source; and all, with him,
Are mortal, fellow creatures; and that, they claim,
If not our moſt induſtrious aid; at leaſt,

Forbearance from unneceſſary pain:
For, notwithſtanding we are deaf,
Their cries are heard in heaven.

And let them know, who circumſcribe his will,
And think that we, alone, deſerve his care;
That all his works, (to whom there is no high,
Or low, but as they execute his will;)
Will have a like regard: ſo will you looſe
That ſhameful bond, of ignorance and pride,
Which manacles the mind; and makes mankind,
The waſteful tyrant over all the world;
And, alſo, vindicate the unconfin'd
Beneficence; the univerſal care;
Th' unlimitable providence of God.

Why place ſuch very wide, diſtinguiſh'd bounds,
Between the faculties of thoſe and man;
For, to the mind unprejudic'd and free,
The difference ſeems, in number and degree?
What, though their ſober fancy may not roam,

Beyond a ſcanty ſpace, or may not ſoar,
Aloft, ſo high, above this atmoſphere,
On wings of labour'd erudition;
Yet, in their ſphere of ſcientific arts,
Their ſkill in knowledge geometric, ſhines;
Not even Euclid's more.

How, ſays your learned friend ——,
That power is not their own; but mere effect,
And energy, of inſtinct, uncontroul'd;
Which prompts them to perform ſuch wond'rous deeds,
As raiſes admiration and ſurprize. (E)

But ſuch acute ſagacity muſt ſpring
From ſelf-deciding judgment; exercis'd
At will: 'Tis plain, with anxiouſneſs, they doubt,
Deſign, compare, and alter purpoſes,
As adventitious circumſtances riſe;
And, from a multiplicity of means,
Select the beſt adapted to their weal.

Who, that with ſpeculative view, obſerves,
The ſtate political, the monarchy,
Of bees; can ceaſe to wonder and admire,
Their ſtrict, induſtrious œconomy:
Where each one labours for the public wealth;
And, for the love they bear their prince; and from
The fears of anarchy, will, freely, loſe
Their limbs, or lives, to ſhelter him from harm.

Then grant their actions, guided by the aid
Of ſoundeſt reaſon's intellectual power;
From faculties of ſenſe, ſuperior oft,
And, in a juſt direction, better us'd,
Than thoſe of proud and vainly tow'ring man; (F)
Whoſe boaſted rules of prudence firſt are built,
On alienated, narrow principles,
Of prejudice, and over-weening pride.

END OF THE THIRD EPISTLE.

EPISTLE

THE

FOURTH.

THE bent of inſtinct readily perform'd,
Through organs, fram'd of fibres, fit diſpos'd,
In certain, curious, ſpecific forms;
To ſway the ſoul, without the choice of will;
Where ſuperviſing Reaſon not forbids,
They always will obey; true reaſoning,
That's natural and free; which holds the reins
Of liberty, and guides them to their goal.

But man, the nobleſt animal on earth,
And, relatively, firſt of all, in rank;
Poſſeſs'd of more extenſive influence,
And power; who, with more numerous inſtincts
bleſt,

Inclining to his greateſt happineſs;
When he, diſſatisfied, ſubmits his mind,
To fooliſh Cuſtom's vain, capricious ſway;
Which oft, indeed, oppoſes common ſenſe;
He blindly follows the fantaſtic herd,
And undermines his own felicity,
And every thing, that is beneath his power.

Wherefore, deny them retroſpective view,
And conſcious providence 'gainſt future wants;
The requiſite revolving power of mind,
So neceſſary for their ſafe ſupport?

What guides the new-tranſported colony,
When flying far abroad, in ſearch of ſtore,
To build their waxen cells; they, readily,
Return, through intricate, embarraſs'd ways,
Ne'er travers'd till that morn?

How is it, as you ride, the weary ſteed,
That, at ſome croſſing roads, in his return,

He, almoſt conſtantly, will ſlily try,
To turn the way that's ſhorteſt, to his home?

Or that moſt nobly decorated one,
Which once, amid competitors for ſway,
Proclaim'd, aloud, his maſter's regal rule,
And plac'd him, ſafely, on the Perſian throne?

The many, various degrees of knowledge, then,
Depend on organs different in frame:
If thoſe of man, more numerous and complex,
Enable him to govern o'er the reſt,
Let him, with moderation, uſe his power;
Give, and receive aſſiſtance, and ſupport;
Alleviate the evils of their ſtate,
With gentleneſs; and, whether generous,
Or not, at leaſt be merciful, be juſt:

Not ſubjugate them with tyrannic ſway;
Or harraſs them, in wantonneſs, to death;
A barbarous ſport, which clemency condemns;

At which, it's like, poſterity will bluſh,
To think how nature was abus'd, by laws,
Which doom'd, for ſport alone, ſo many lives,
To terrible, alarming miſery,
The dreadful fears, of torturing, painful death.

Say, ye that love theſe ſanguinary ſports,
What glory, or emolument, is gain'd,
By perſecution of the harmleſs brutes?
A conqueſt over which is poorly mean;
Where competition is ſo much at odds;
Where the moſt puny, baſe poltroon,
In rivalſhip will bear away the prize:

Does it become the man of ſenſe acute;
Of ſober reaſon, and religion?
For oft, by theſe, ſuch attributes are ſham'd,
While public cuſtom covers the diſgrace.

But what reproof, what arguments of truth,
Can e'er convince the cruel, harden'd mind,

Unus'd to think, and callous to the touch,
To make it feel concern for foreign woe?

From ſuch, then, the indignant muſe departs,
And, ſafe eſcap'd, from ſenſeleſs, noiſy din,
Wou'd now, all-willing, waft itſelf to thee;
Where, haply, thy Arpaſia, partakes
The evening walk, in ſocial diſcourſe;
Obſerving Nature's pleaſing dreſs; when, with
Her thin, tranſparent veil, cool veſper ſhades
Her glowing charms, and, gently, ſpreads them o'er,
With an increaſe, of elegance and grace.

Whether ye wander by the thicket's ſides,
Along the winding vale, whoſe lengthening ſhade,
Projecting far, affords a friendly aid;
The nibbling flock their ſavoury ſupper take,
Unaw'd by your approach; till Tray, behind
His miſtreſs hid, appears to open view;
But confidence, in your protecting aid,

Prevents their anxious fear; while cloſing round,
They, with a counterfeited courage, ſtamp;
Beating defiance to their fancy'd foe.

Perhaps, ſome ſkreening, horizontal clouds,
Whoſe lucid borders, burniſh'd bright with gold,
Invite ye on, to where the mountain's range,
Majeſtic, turns its lofty courſe oblique,
And leaves, to ſpacious view, a landſcape grand;
Diverſify'd with Nature's nobleſt charms;
Where the enraptur'd eye, wou'd all devour;
Not knowing, 'mong ſo many beauteous ſcenes,
Where firſt of all to fix; but roving quick,
From rich-cloath'd hills, and interjacent vales;
Where frequent glance of liquid ſtreams appear,
Embelliſhing the whole, to farther views,
Of other diſtant hills, and vales; where wild,
And rude, but beautiful confuſion,
Painted with tints of Sol's departing rays,
In ſoften'd luſtre terminates the ſight.

But when the morn, ſerene, invites you forth,
To ſtronger exerciſe; you climb, alert,
The mountain's ſummit; crown'd with lofty beech;
Where, the high-lodg'd ſquirrel; in autumn, hoards,
His ſtore; gather'd beneath the hazel ſhrubs;
Whoſe ripe brown fruit, by boiſterous winds unhuſk'd,
Is ſhaken down, and ſcatter'd on the ground.

Confiding in his ſituation, ſafe,
From venturous approach of hoſtile foes:
But, vain, his careful providence, for want,
His confidence ſecure; his loftineſs,
Will not protect him, from the barbarous hinds;
Who never truly hear, from any tongue;
Though not unwilling to attend, and learn,
A hint, to bid forbearance, from ſuch wrong;

But looſe, from even, the ſhadow of reſtraint;
Aſſail, with clamorous dogs, and miſſile arms;

Loud mixed, with threatening ſhouts; till the poor thing,
Drove on, from tree, to tree; in laſt deſpair;
His utmoſt, beſt exerted leap, falls ſhort;
And ſinks him, panting, in the cruel mouths;
The fierce, and hideous, mangling jaws of Death.

How much more rational delight, to ſee
Them, harmleſs play; leaping from bough to bough;
As one, of many other, pleaſing means;
Which Nature does preſent; to recreate,
The paſſenger, along his loneſome way:
Where, at the early, firſt, upriſing day,
His eyes, and ears, are entertained, at once,
With objects, that impreſs, and fill the ſoul,
(Which is not with malignant wantonneſs,
Diſtain'd;) with ſoft ideas of delight,
Which dwell, in kind complacency; and far
Surpaſs the cruel tranſports of the chace:

The lark, ere yet the ſun, has quite o'erpower'd,
Night's twinkling vaulted lamps; in ſprightly notes,
Congratulating, firſt proclaims the morn;
To uſher in the ſongſters of the groves;
Who, with alacrity, attune their throats,
In concert with the general vocal choir;
And all, yet faſting, ſpeak their ſenſe of bliſs,
In loud effuſions, of abundant joy:

And, where no clear expreſſive ſigns appear,
Of being pleas'd, yet may we well ſuppoſe,
Although nor voice, nor viſage, indicate,
That calm content, and cheerfulneſs, commends,
Their conduct here, and is approv'd in heav'n:

For happineſs conſiſts not in the joy
Of briſk, and jovial merriment, and glee;
But in the ſoul's full ſatisfied content:

The grave, in ſober ſtillneſs, may be pleas'd,
As much as in their noiſy mirth, the gay;

The owl, as happy, as the chattering daw;
The camel as the ape.

But how deſerted, ſilent, and forlorn,
The hoſpitable groves; which were ordain'd
The ſquirrels aſylum, ſo ſafe for them,
And for the pretty, charming, tuneful birds;
Whoſe muſic, though obtruſive, wou'd not fail;
To ſooth, the heavy, anxious mind, when with
Misfortunes vex'd; and mollify its care.

Now, ſolemn ſtillneſs, reigns, in ſilent gloom;
The lonely traveller, who hardly hears,
A living ſound, throughout his tedious way;
With fearful apprehenſion; treads the path,
Along the gloomy wood; where thickets high,
Obſcure the light of day; till luckily,
At length, he ſudden ſees, an opening glade;
Which diſſipates his dread.

When you, ſufficiently, are entertain'd;
With views, of hamlets, villages, and towns;
And, all the various, wide extended ſcenes;
The beauteous landſcape, ſpread abroad, below;

I would conduct you down, the path oblique;
Which eaſes the deſcent along the fields,
Of fallow, paſture, ſpringing corn, and coppice;
Parted, by unclipt hedge-rows, tall, and thick;
Which, at a ſhelvy bank, ſpreads out, more, ſtill;
To wild, excurſive ſhew; where, with the aſh,
The ſlender hazel, with ſome hawthorn branch'd,
Below; projecting hides, the hollow ground;
Which lures, the love-lorn nightingale; to pour
Her notes, melodious; thence, echo'd, loud;
Throughout the winding vale.

Sweet, warbling bird; our early, vernal gueſt;
Who viſiteth our groves; ere yet the leaves,
Afford concealment, for a cloſe retreat;
And charms us, with thy ſweet, harmonious ſong:

Well pleas'd, I greet thee, auſpicious harbinger;
Of that genial power, which pours her kind,
Prolific influence abroad; and binds,
All kindred nature, in the bands of love.

But ah! how quick, will ſad regret ſucceed;
For ſoon, a dreadful, ruinous miſhap;
Much worſe than death; to him, and to his mate;
Will, in the midſt of their moſt happy hours;
While they are buſied in the pleaſing taſk,
Of cheriſhing their young; cruſh all their hopes;
And plunge them deep, in horror and deſpair:

For, when the tender, callow brood; firſt feel,
Their pluming wings, can, buoyant, beat the air;
The parents then, in loftier ſtrains, pour forth
Their joy, in lively gratitude to Heaven:
But, horrible reverſe! the ſnare is laid,
To intercept them by a wily ſpringe;
And doom them, dreadful! to be borne away,
To cloſe captivity; in agony

Of black deſpair, unweeting of the fate
Of their beloved, loſt, lamented brood.

But where's the ſacred, conſecrated voice,
Which Levi's ſons proclaim'd againſt ſuch deeds,
If thoſe neglect, whoſe duty 'tis, to ſpeak?
It ſhould be told abroad, for mercy's ſake,
By thoſe who pity them, and reverence their God.

Perhaps, it is that the advantages,
Which to themſelves the learned wou'd maintain,
Are beſt procur'd by making man, alone,
The care of Providence, and candidate
For heaven; elſe why our reverend theologues,
When inſtances muſt often ſtrike their ſenſe,
Do not prohibit ſuch unworthy deeds,
From the authority of Holy Writ,
And curb the rage which riots in deſtruction?

Then, wou'd the obloquy, ſo juſtly thrown
On the inhuman practice of theſe realms,

Of barbarous Gothic race, be wip'd away;
The credit of the Chriſtian doctrine rais'd
Its worth be known by infidels abroad,
And more eſteem'd and reverenc'd at home.

Parents wou'd teach their ſons the guiltineſs
Of that deſtructive waſte, which violates
The tender tie, the union ſo true,
Which often, with ſuch fond ſolicitude,
To chooſe a ſafe aſylum for their young,
Affects, and pleaſes much, the ſenſible,
And genuine, tender feeling, of our minds;
And, with ſuch ſpirit has inſpir'd our bard,
In tuneful accents, ſweetly, thus to ſing:

" So, when the ſpring renews the flow'ry field,
" And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
" She ſeeks the ſafeſt ſhelter of the wood,
" Where ſhe may truſt her little tuneful brood;
" Where no rude ſwains her ſhady cell may know,
" No ſerpents climb, nor blaſting winds may blow:

" Fond of the choſen place, ſhe views it o'er,
" Sits there, and wanders through the groves no
" more;
" Warbling, ſhe charms it, each returning night,
" And loves it, with a mother's dear delight."

Then Nature's rights, wou'd better be obſerv'd;
Severe, compulſive ſervitude, reliev'd;
For ſentiments, of ſoft compaſſion, rais'd;
Wou'd eaſe, the ſufferings, of the oppreſs'd;
Men, wou'd not, with ſuch arrogance, abuſe,
Thoſe creatures in their power; but, heedfully,
Forbear to harm, whate'er cou'd feel the wrong.

With all our cautious care, there's yet enough,
Of natural, inevitable ills;
Beware then, careleſsly, or by deſign,
T' augment the heap, with what reſpect ſoe'er;
For, 'tis not human ſufferings, alone,
That comprehends the aggregated load;

The brutes oppreſſion, in the ſcale, will weigh;
And, through their Maker's juſtice, from us claim,
Proportionable price; although now, Pride,
Diſdains, with ſcorn, and treads them in the duſt.
But, this, conclude, of virtue, and of vice;
The ſum, of ſufferings, who leſſens moſt,
Is beſt; who moſt increaſes it, is worſt.

END OF THE FOURTH EPISTLE.

EPISTLE

THE

FIFTH.

SUCH worthy ſentiments did you ſupport,
Before your gueſts, on their arrival at ——,
When, mov'd with generous indignation,
You beheld their weary horſes pant,
And drench'd with foam; their breaſts and ſides were raw,
And ſorely rankled by the fretting gear;
And, though they briſkly bounded on, alert,
Through all oppoſing, heavy obſtacles,
Even to the long, and tireſome journey's end,
Obedient to th' imperious driver's will,
Who pocketed a bribe to ſpur them on;

When, diſengaged from the ponderous load,
In their looſe traces; feeble, ſick, and faint,
They, ſlowly, ſtagger on, to their much-wiſh'd,
Although unknown, yet welcome place of reſt.
Ah! ſure, their patient, prompt obedience,
Muſt well deſerve a generous, grateful care.

In vain ſo ſoon the provender's prepar'd,
Your truſty groom, wipes off the clammy ſweat,
Which kind refreſhment, firſt abates their woe,
Though yet, they have not any power to eat;
But, when the rapid blood abates its force,
They then, attempt to ventilate their hot,
Parch'd lungs, by inſpirations deep, of ſighs,
Till, by degrees, kind Nature, reaſſumes
Her healing power; and, for a few ſhort hours,
We charitably hope, obliterates their grief:

Ah no, alas! when, proſtrate on the ſtraw,
Their body reſts, their ſad and heavy groans,

Denote the anguiſh of a troubled mind,
Diſtreſs'd with fears, with ſorrow, and deſpair.

But ſuch remonſtrance to your gueſts were vain,
The pertinacious prejudice of ſuch,
Is hard to be remov'd; one inſtance this,
The lady's kind and generous advice,
To get, of an ingenious adept,
A tempting liquor, poiſonous, and ſweet,
That ſoon wou'd clear away the naſty flies,
That foul the furniture: in proof of which
Effective power, his windows often ſhew,
Accumulated heaps, expos'd to view,
Of ſuch ſeduc'd, unwary millions ſlain:

Quick roſe reſentment, in Arpaſia's breaſt,
Who felt the force of indignation flow,
And, not without ſome cenſure's keen reproof,
In great diſdain rejected her advice.

Howe'er to unobſerving eyes they ſeem,
She knows their neatneſs, elegance, and grace ;
The viſual parts, ſo exquiſitely fram'd,
To view, at once, the objects all around,
And quick eſcape their foes : which inſtance ſhews,
Moſt eminent, their kind Creator's care :

Why then, by ſubtle ſtratagems, oppoſe
Theſe purpoſes, and counteract his will ?

She, pleas'd to ſee them bruſh themſelves, adroit,
As on her hand they ſafely ſit, ſecure,
And ſip the balmy nectar from the pores,
Was ſhock'd, to hear the cruel, baſe device,
Of murdering ſuch multitudes for pay.

And, ſurely, every humane mind will aid,
To execrate the ſordid caitiff wretch,
And hold him up to ſcorn, if he perſiſts,
And juſt deſerved deteſtation.

But, in this delicate, refined age,
When notions of the dignity and worth
Of man, inſpire more, to cultivate,
The nice ſuſceptibility of taſte,
And ſentiment, than cheriſhing the ſenſe,
The ſelf-approving conſcience of our deeds,
(Which is no more than even brutes may do)
Whom ſhall the Muſe addreſs, with any hope,
To ſtem this raging tide of cruelty?

Your fellow laborers in Virtue's cauſe,
As friends to innocence and peace? Alas!
You ſee they join the foes, and, in their ſport,
Moſt cavalierly ſlay, the innocent,
The harmleſs, peaceful tenants of the fields,
And are, (to imitate their patrons taſte)
Become ſo ſkilful in the ſlaughtering trade;
It is a problem, which is moſt adroit,
The Reverend Sportſman, or the rural Squire.

When they, with ſpecious argument, will ſay,
" The heart, that makes all human weal, and woe,
" Its own, will ſurely not rejoice, in acts
" Of inhumanity :" Therefore, conclude,
That ſuch propenſities, are in our frame,
Are natural, expedient, and right :

Do they diſtinguiſh well, between the ſource,
Of Heav'n-born inſtinct, and, the vague impulſe,
Of vitiated judgment ; which admits,
Diſtorted, adſcititious tendencies,
Conceiv'd from Cuſtom's dictates, as for truth ?
Theſe, are the prejudice of Gothic lore ;
Uncivil, barbarous, ignorant, and rude,
But yet remain to rule, in ſpite of Senſe,
Of ſober Reaſon, and Philoſophy ;
Which have, indeed, been recreant-like oppos'd,
To rectify ſuch ill-allow'd abuſe,
Without much earneſt energy or pains.

Obſerve the Fowler with inſidious ſteps,
Attended by his jackal, like that beaſt,
The lion, noble, generous, and bold,
That ſcorns to harm the meaneſt animal,
But for ſupply of neceſſary food:
While th' other gratifies a barbarous,
And childiſh wantonneſs; in pride of power,
Spreading diſmay, and deſolation,
In cowardous ſecurity, by ſtealth,
Againſt the dictates of Humanity.

Can e'er the liberal boſom entertain,
The baſe and treacherous deſign, to creep,
In ambuſh, on the poor unguarded prey?
The thruſh, the blackbird, linnet, or the lark,
Whoſe melody has often charm'd the ear;
And wou'd more ſtill, in their reſponſive ſongs,
If left to multiply, and dwell in peace.

Sure ſuch aſſaſſins muſt poſſeſs a mind,
That's foul-beſmear'd as miſchief can portray,

Or void of any intellectual light;
Which are ſo poorly pleaſed, exultingly
To ſhew, their ſlaughtering ſkill, ſo much renown'd.

Ye tender feeling parents, then, of youth;
Ye uncontaminated guardians;
Whoſe hands, have not been drench'd in blood;
If public exhortations, are withheld,
To mercy, where 'tis due; do ye impreſs,
Their ductile minds; with this important truth;
That all the kinds, of beaſts, and birds, and all
That move; as all things elſe; created were,
By that Almighty power, which form'd themſelves;
And who, for ſport, diſquiets them, with pain,
Is generally, a coward, or a knave.

For though indeed, we do not clearly ſee,
Their uſe; thro' ſuch, moſt complicated means,
Connected with our own; yet, conſcious, of

The Attributes; which brought them here, to life;
We ſurely, ought to lend them, our eſteem;
As comprehended all; in ſome, moſt wiſe,
Important ſcheme, Omnipotence hath plann'd.

While thus, the Muſe, bewails this cruelty,
Though yet, not hopeleſs, to repreſs the cauſe;
Methinks, you ſit, ſequeſter'd, in the ſhade,
Of trembling poplars; by the river's ſide;
In contemplation, on the many ways;
Ordain'd, for conſtituting happineſs:

And when you ſee, ſo many creatures, round;
On land, in water, and the air; the ſwarms,
Which, in each element, their gambols play;
You ſurely, then, in ſympathy rejoice;
To ſee ſuch marks, of manifold felicity:

And own, that Nature's, not leſs good, than fair;
The contemplation, of whoſe charms; is ſource,

Of calm content; and alſo, frequently,
Of real, and ſubſtantial delight; (G)
Which wiſhing to communicate; awakes,
The innate, ſocial principle of friendſhip;
That ſoul-enlightening ſpark; whoſe rays, benign;
With genial warmth, enkindling the breaſt;
Diſcover feelingly, and void of doubt;
A powerful, and benignant Deity;
Whom, we muſt love, and reverently adore:

And full of gratitude; reflect thoſe rays,
In milder beams, of multiply'd eſteem;
The beſt, productive means, we can enjoy,
Of univerſal harmony, and peace.

(H) In the vaſt ſcale, of beings animate,
Where man, undoubtedly, appears the chief;
What ſquare, or compaſs, can deſcribe the extent;
Of their perceptive, intellectual powers;

Or meaſure, the comparative degree;
Of their intrinſic worth? For to each kind,
Alone; their faculties, can e'er be known;
Or even, indeed their language underſtood.

Yet, let us view their works, with earneſt care;
We then ſhall ſee, contrivances, for uſe;
Equal, at leaſt, if not, by much excel;
The beſt device, and cunning, of our own.

Why judge, becauſe their ſkill is ſoon attain'd,
And progreſs, early ſtay'd; (For, what vain whims,
For farther uſe; when wants are ſatisfy'd;) (I)
That they are fram'd, as ignorant machines;
To eaſe our toil, and alſo gratify,
Our rank, inſatiate luxury; or elſe,
In ſooth, for pleaſing paſtime, be deſtroyed.

With ſuch ideas, ſo confined; can we,
Though e'er ſo well diſpos'd; deal juſt, to them,
As creatures, that are ſenſible of pain?

Far higher, are the ends, for which they're
made;
Which are, ordain'd, as links, in that great chain;
That conſtitutes, and proves, the moral world;
Where all, ſhou'd freely have, and yield ſupport;
Conſpiring with, (although by means abſtruſe,)
The ſureſt preſervation, of the whole:

For, think not, they are altogether void,
Of ſocial benevolence; beyond,
The ties of progeny, or the ſoft bonds,
Of fond connubial love; we often ſee,
Societies; who, with alacrity;
Unite their labors, for the general weal;
Which muſt ſubſiſt, by leagues, of amity;
Thro' truſt, in juſtice, and fidelity.

'Tis true, ſo far as Inſtinct's power is known,
The mere, corporeal affection;
Which works ſpontaneouſly, without the leaſt
Peremptory controul, or preconceiv'd
Opinion, of the will; according to,

The fine, ſpecific frame; it may be ſaid,
That we, and they, are paſſive, as machines;
So much, as ſeem the vegetable tribes,
Whoſe wonderful affection of their frame,
From ſimple elements alone, produce
Aſtoniſhing effects, which conſtantly,
Are found to be unchangeable, and ſure.

But animals, are otherwiſe endow'd,
With free, diſcriminative ſenſe and will;
Which makes them moral agents; and, of courſe,
Accountable, for voluntary deeds:

So that of inſtinct, and the laſt, conclude;
In this, the creature 'tis, directs, in that,
'Tis Nature's God.

The moſt important, are the beſt endow'd,
With means of greater, careful ſelf-defence;
Evading, or repelling injuries;
From powerful, or ill-deſigning foes;

Save man, the moſt miſchievous enemy;
Whoſe machinations, ſpoil, and overturn;
The quiet, and the ſafety of the whole.

Yet ſome of theſe, indeed, diſclaim ſuch deeds;
And, to the meaneſt inſect, ſhew regard;
Who, with averted footſtep, will avoid;
To cruſh the harmleſs reptile in their way;
Perhaps, the provident, and ſole ſupport,
Of infancy; whoſe wants, wou'd elſe involve,
A hungry, helpleſs family in ruin.

If vermin, through the want of care, will breed,
And vellicating, hinder our repoſe;
Think, they are ſent, as ſcourges, to excite,
A neceſſary care of cleanlineſs;
And are the fruit of indolence, and ſloth:

But let us not blame Nature here, in this;
Who, ſtill benevolent, is thus, the friend:
And, far from cauſing ills; eſtabliſhes,
The means of cleanly-wholſomeneſs, and eaſe.

And, though theſe ſhou'd be made, a ſacrifice;
In favour of the reſt; let us not waſte,
The lives, or means of liberty; of thoſe,
Which hinder not, our ſafety, or repoſe;

But thoſe, of tranſmutating forms;
And, deſtitute of ſex; expos'd, as food,
For callow birds; by Providence's care;
They are exempt, from any anxious fears;
Or agonizing pain: yet we defeat
Theſe purpoſes, that Providence ordains:
We careleſsly too oft, deſtroy thoſe mouths;
For which, ſuch meat, is plentiful prepar'd:

For this, our fruit, is frequently devour'd;
Even in embryo; by hoſts of worms;
The overflowing offspring of the tribes,
Of winged inſects; in the warmth of ſpring;
As neceſſary for great Nature's ends;
When regular dependence, was preſerv'd;
Free from uſurping privilege of man:

But, ſince the woods, and groves, are now, forlorn,
And almoſt tenantleſs; each tender ſtock,
Of neſtlings, generally cut ſhort;
Her ſyſtem of œconomy's diſturb'd.

Sylvanus now, in melancholy mood;
His loſt harmonious choriſters, deplores;
And ſad Pomona, griev'd; lamenting ſits;
To ſee, her promis'd ſtore, of fruit, deſtroy'd:

While Ceres too, diſpleas'd, bewails the fate,
Of her moſt uſeful, favourite birds, the rooks;
The huſbandman's, too ill-requited friends;
That help to fill, the meaſure, of his corn;
Eating the turn'd up, root-deſtroying grubs;
Throughout the blackening furrow's length; which, elſe;
Wou'd diſappoint, the hopes, of all his toil.

Although, when ſeed, is newly ſown abroad;
They fain, wou'd take, if not forbid, a ſhare;
Yet, is the pittance, which at moſt, they glean;
Far overbalanc'd by the benefit;
Which, in the growing, ſaves the roots from harm.

It ſurely then, is policy misjudg'd;
Which Avarice, ſhort-ſighted, doth ſuggeſt;
Alluring them, with poiſonous baits, to death;
With ſymptoms too, of cruel, torturing pain;
Of which, it ſhocks humanity, to hear.

And yet no ſenſe of feeling, will reſtrain;
The dark, nefarious purpoſe, harbour'd next;
When ſpoils, of liquid treaſure, will be ſeiz'd;
By ſtrangling, at once, with ſulphur's ſteams;
Although with dire offenſive weapons arm'd;
(Ah! bootleſs then, their martial diſcipline;)
A whole collected nation; bleſt with ſtore,
Of rich proviſion, for their future wants;
Unanimous, in loyalty, and love;

Their labour, finiſh'd, having now at length
Contentedly compos'd themſelves to reſt,
In conſcious ſecurity and peace.

That ſuch things are; the muſe; with ſilent awe;
Forbears, her feeble plaint; but looks, to where,
Impartial equity; which taketh note;
In recompence, for undeſerv'd diſtreſs;
Will deal, that juſtice, which is due, to all:

Yet ere ſhe ceaſes to indulge her grief;
In tender ſympathy, let her recite,
In what complaining and pathetic notes,
She heard theſe breathings of humanity.

" 'Tis not enough that daily ſlaughter feeds,
" That the fiſh leaves its ſtreams, the lamb its
" meads,
" That the reluctant ox is dragg'd along,
" And the bird raviſh'd, from its tender ſong;

" That in reward for all her muſic giv'n,
" The lark is murder'd as ſhe ſoars to heav'n;
" 'Tis not enough—our appetites require,
" That on their altars hecatombs expire;
" But cruel man, a ſavage in his power,
" Muſt heap freſh horrors on life's parting hour;
" Full many a being that beſtows its breath,
" Muſt prove the pang, that waits a ling'ring death:
" Here, cloſe pent up, muſt gorge unwholeſome
" food,
" There render drop by drop the ſmoaking blood,
" The quivering fleſh improves as ſlow it dies,
" And luxury ſees the augmented whiteneſs riſe:
" Some creatures gaſh'd, muſt feel the torturer's
" art,
" Writhe in their wounds, though ſav'd each
" vital part,
" From the hard bruiſe the food more tender grows,
" And callous luxury triumphs in the blows.
" Some yet alive to raging flames conſign'd,
" By piercing ſhrieks muſt ſooth our taſte refin'd:

" O Power of mercy, that ſuſpends the rod!
" O ſhame to man—impiety to God!
" Thou poliſh'd Chriſtian, in the untutor'd ſee,
" The ſacred rights of ſweet Humanity.
" Thine is the world; thy crimſon ſpoils enjoy,
" But let no wanton arts thy ſoul employ,
" Live, though thou doſt on blood, ah! ſtill re-
" frain,
" To load thy victims, with ſuperfluous pain;
" Ev'n the gaunt tyger, though no life he ſaves,
" In generous haſte devours what famine craves;
" The beſtial paw may check thy human hands,
" And teach diſpatch to what thy want demands,
" Abridge thy ſacrifice, and bid thy knife,
" For hunger kill, but never ſport with life.
" Lo where the Bramins paſs their blameleſs life,
" Free from proud culture, free from poliſh'd
" ſtrife,
" To man, brute, inſect, nature's conſtant friends,
" The heart embraces, and the hand extends:

" See the meek tribe refuſe the worm to kill;
" No murder feeds them, and no blood they ſpill;
" But crop the living herbage as it grows,
" And quaff the living water as it flows,
" From the full herds, the milky banquet bear,
" And the kind herds repay with paſtures fair;
" From ſanguine man, they drive the game away,
" From ſanguine man, they ſave the finny prey,
" The copious grain, they ſcatter o'er the mead,
" The bird to nouriſh, and the beaſt to feed.
" Oh! thou proud Chriſtian, aid fair Nature's
" grace,
" And catch compaſſion, from the Bramin race:
" Give, like to them, each generous feeling birth,
" And prove the friends, not tyrants of the earth.

[*Humanity, or the Rights of Nature, page* 38.]

END OF THE FIFTH EPISTLE.

NOTES.

(A) IT ſeems plain, from the Moſaic records, that for more than 1600 years—even, till after the deluge, mankind lived on vegetable food only; and that, though they exerciſed, a gentle dominion over the brute creation, they did not make uſe of their fleſh for food; for ſurely, it could not be from inſtinct, in man, to kill, and devour any animals. Beſides they had preſcribed for them, a regimen: "Every herb bearing ſeed, which is "upon the face of the earth, and every tree in "which is the fruit of a tree, yielding ſeed: to "you it ſhall be meat." *Geneſis* chap. i. ver. 29.

(B) NOTWITHSTANDING it may ſeem improbable, by what we ſee, that ſuch peace and harmony, ſhould ever have exiſted: yet to thoſe who unprejudic'd, trace the operations of nature

back to the times, before mankind deſtroy'd the animals through wantonneſs, or for food; it will not appear ſo; for, though ~~they~~ there were creatures, form'd by nature, to feed on fleſh, and could not well ſubſiſt without; yet, it ſeems probable they were ordain'd to prey on the unburied bodies, of creatures, which, as Dr. Primatt ſays, would have been expos'd to view: "Many poor creatures, dying by inches (as we ſay) and pining away, through age, or accidental infirmity, whoſe carcaſes, when dead, wou'd cauſe a diſagreeable ſtench in the air; therefore thoſe carnivorous, beaſts, and birds, wou'd range the woods, and fields, in ſearch of the unburied bodies, and thus become the living graves of the dead: and if in the courſe of their range, they ſaw a beaſt, or bird, worn out with age, or maim'd; then wou'd they do a benefit by putting it to death."

[*Dr. Primatt's Diſſertation, on the Duty of Mercy, to Brute Animals, page* 63.]

(C) "WHEN man boaſts of the dignity of "his nature, and the advantages of his ſtation, "and from thence infers his right of oppreſſion "of the inferior animals, he ſhews a mean and "cowardly diſpoſition, no leſs ſo, in giving pain "to an innocent beaſt, than torturing a helpleſs "harmleſs babe, neither of which can avenge "themſelves; the firſt, has as much right to hap-"pineſs in this world, as the laſt, nay more, if this "world be his only inheritance."

[*Dean's Eſſay on future Life of Brutes.*]

May not God be ſuppoſed to have raiſed, this mighty frame of things with a deſign to diffuſe his goodneſs, and diſplay his glory; to have conferr'd, life and ſenſibility, upon ſuch an infinite variety of creatures, with a view to their happineſs?

[*Dean, vol. ii. p.* 76.]

(D) THE vulgar prejudices of the world, lead mankind very often, into the moſt abſurd notions,

of many parts of the creation, and alſo, of the divine purpoſes, for which they were made. To call any of the moſt minute animals imperfect; or to ſay, man, merely as an animal, is more perfect than the ſmalleſt inſect; is one of thoſe abſurdities; for perfection, in an animal, let his form, be what it will; conſiſts, in no more, than his being capable, of performing the proper functions, during his life, and anſwering the ends, for which he was made; and indeed, there appears, no leſs of the Divine Wiſdom, in the form and ſtructure, of the moſt minute, than is evident in ſome of the greater.

For want of conſidering this, we are too apt, to conceive very trivial notions, of ſome of them: to depreciate them, and therefore often become mere tyrants; ſporting away, the lives of many, and revelling wantonly, and cruelly, in the agonies, and tortures, of creatures, whoſe ſenſations, are as deli-

cate, and whoſe natural right, to an unpainful enjoyment of life, is as great as that of man.

[*Dr. James Parſons on the Analogy, between the Propagation of Animals, and that of Vegetables. p.* 182.]

(E) MANY theories have been invented with a view, to explain the inſtinctive actions of animals, but none of them, have receiv'd, the general approbation, of philoſophers. This want of ſucceſs, may be referr'd to different cauſes. To want of attention, to the general œconomy, and manners of animals, to miſtaken notions, concerning the dignity of human nature; and above all; to the uniform endeavour; of philoſophers, to diſtinguiſh, inſtinctive, from rational motives. Mr. Smellie endeavors to ſhew that no ſuch diſtinction exiſts; and that the reaſoning faculty itſelf, is a neceſſary reſult of inſtinct.

By pure inſtincts are meant, ſuch as, independently of all inſtruction or experience, inſtantaneouſly produce certain actions, when particular objects are preſented, or when they are influenc'd by peculiar feelings, ſuch are in the human ſpecies, the inſtinct of ſucking, which is exerted by the infant immediately after birth, &c. &c. Among the inferior animals, there are numberleſs pure inſtincts, caterpillars ſhaken off a tree, in every direction, turn immediately to the trunk, and climb up, young birds open their mouths, on hearing any noiſe, as well as that of their mother's voice: every ſpecies of inſect depoſits its eggs, in the ſituation moſt proper for hatching and affording nouriſhment to its future progeny.

[*Smellie's Eſſay on Inſtinct.—Royal Society, Edinburgh, vol. i. p.* 40.]

Thoſe animals are moſt perfect, whoſe ſphere of knowledge extends to the greateſt number of ob-

objects: when interrupted in their operations they know how to resume their labors, and to accomplish their purposes by different means: Some animals have no other power, but that of contracting, or extending their bodies; but the falcon, the dog, and the fox, pursue their prey, with intelligence and address.

(F) The superiority of man, over the other animals, seems to depend, chiefly on the great number of instincts, with which he is endowed: traces of every instinct, which he possesses, are discoverable, in the brute creation. But no particular species enjoys the whole. On the contrary, most animals, are limited to a small number: This appears to be the reason, why the instincts of brutes, are stronger, and more steady in their operation, than those of man; and their actions more uniform. Most human instincts, receive improvement, from experience, and observation, and are capable of a thousand modifications, which

however compounded, or extended, in the paſſions, may be traced back to their original inſtincts.

[*Mr. Smellie, Philoſophy of Natural Hiſt. p.* 152.]

The inſtincts of brutes, are likewiſe improved, by obſervation, and experience: Of ſuch improvement, the dog, the elephant, the horſe, the camel, afford numerous, and ſtrong inſtances: Hence it ſeems, that inſtinct, is an original quality of mind, which in man, as well as in other animals, may be improved, modified, and extended, by experience.

[*Mr. Smellie.*]

Though not endued with mental powers, equal to thoſe of man, they poſſeſs in ſome degree, every faculty of the human mind; ſenſation, memory, imagination; the principle of imitation; curioſity, cunning, ingenuity, gratitude, or reſpect for ſuperiors, which is devotion: All theſe are diſcoverable, in the brute creation: Every ſpecies, too, has a language, either of ſounds, or geſtures, ſuf-

ficient for the individuals to communicate their wants to each other; and ſome animals, underſtand in part, the language of man.

Young animals examine, all objects they meet with, and in this inveſtigation, they employ all their organs: The firſt periods of their life, are dedicated, to ſtudy.

[*Smellie, Edinburgh Tranſactions, vol. i. p.* 44.]

It appears that the intelligence, and reſources, of animals, are proportioned, to the number of inſtincts, with which their minds are endowed; that all animals, are in ſome meaſure rational beings; and that the dignity, and ſuperiority of the human intellect, are neceſſary reſults, not of the conformation of our bodies, but of the great variety of inſtincts, which nature has been pleaſed to confer on the ſpecies.

[*Mr. Smellie's Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory, page* 159.]

Some very ſhallow concluſions, relating to the queſtion, whether men and brutes, have, or have not, an hereafter, have been ſtrenuouſly held, in ſome degree, or other, through moſt ages of the world; on both ſides of the queſtion.

The bad ſucceſs of philoſophers, in endeavouring to find out, truths of this nature; is certainly owing to the narrowneſs of their ways of thinking; or bigotry, to ſome favorite religious views, about the power of God; and the concluſions of ſome of them, being too haſtily drawn; have given riſe to numberleſs errors.

[*Dr. Parſons, page* 223.]

" If brute animals do not multiply their ſorrow " by reflection, on what is paſt, and fear of what " is to come, (a point this, not ſo clear, as to ex- " clude all doubts) it is however certain, that they " are liable to momentary ſufferings, and tran- " ſient evils: They have, their dark hours, of

" of pain, and ſickneſs, from internal diſorders,
" and ſuffer, many pangs, from external inju-
" ries; and finally languiſh, decay, and die, un-
" der the ſad appearances of agony, like the be-
" ings, that are above them: and yet we ſay for
" all this; that brutes, have no ſhare in futurity;
" if not, we may ſay a principle of ſenſibility, in a
" world, where evils predominate, is a misfortune,
" an ungracious gift, if the creature endowed
" with it, have no intereſt, in the benefits of ano-
" ther: It appears, therefore, that endleſs dura-
" tion, of exiſtence, is a privilege, originally de-
" ſigned, for the whole animal world."

[*Rev. Richard Dean, vol. i. page* 20.]

It is natural, and reaſonable, to think that the variety of ſouls, is as great, as that of bodies; that all the animated forms, exiſting in the univerſe are actuated, by principles, of intelligence peculiar, to their natures, and of capacities proportioned to the ſeveral offices, which Providence

has appointed them to fulfil; that all theſe ſouls are immaterial ſubſtances, and conſequently, in virtue of their being ſo, continue for ever; if the Creator of all things is not pleaſed, ſome time or another to deſtroy them.

Dean's future Life of Brutes, Preface to vol. ii.]

I conſider reaſon as the immediate act of the underſtanding, or mind of every living creature, not limiting it to man, but extending it, alſo to brutes, (though they do not exerciſe the operations, thereof, to the ſame degree); and is a power by which every animal, is excited to obtain, by divers ways, the end he propoſes according to the beſt of his judgment, and what others attribute to natural inſtinct, I call natural reaſoning: It does not appear there is, in reality, any more than a gradual difference in man from brutes, nor will it in the leaſt derogate from the dignity of man's nature, as he is allowed to be placed in

the higheſt degree of perfection, of all animals whatever.

[*See Second Thoughts concerning the Human Soul.*]

It was not a thing beneath the dignity of Heaven, to create the moſt diminutive animal; how then, to continue its exiſtence. The objections drawn, from the ſcriptures, againſt the futurity of beaſts, are no real objections; but miſtaken notions of the ſignification of terms, paſſages: We do not preſume to ſay that theſe arguments demonſtrate the point; but we cannot help flattering ourſelves, with the notion, that they render it extremely probable.

[*Rev. Mr. Dean, on future Life of Brutes, vol. ii. p.* 85.]

"There is," ſay the philoſophers, "a law of "nature, a knowledge of right and wrong deeply "imprinted on the mind of man, which in other "animals is not perceived: But is this aſſertion

" founded upon experience? for without this, we
" may reject every thing. Have we one argu-
" ment of this ſort to convince us, that man alone
" is enlightened, with the rays of reaſon, from
" which all other creatures are excluded? We
" can no more know, what paſſes within them, or
" even within men, than we can form an idea of
" the inward part of our own being. We muſt
" give credit to other men, upon their words, or
" we muſt rely upon thoſe outward ſigns, which
" we have obſerved to prevail, in ourſelves, in
" the like caſe, when we feel the ſame conſciouſ-
" neſs of guilt, accompanied with the ſame unea-
" ſineſs. To determine, therefore, whether
" other animals have received a law of nature, we
" muſt have recourſe, to the conſideration of theſe
" outward ſigns, ſuppoſing they exiſt; which
" ſeems to be evident by real facts: A dog bites
" his maſter, on ſome provocation, and no ſooner
" has he done it, but he appears to be moved with
" repentance; you may ſee him ſorrowful, un-

" eaſy, aſhamed to ſhew his face, and confeſſing " his guilt, by his crouching."

[*Mr. Smellie.*]

Brutes, without ſome portion of reaſon, could never make a proper uſe of their ſenſes. But many animals are capable of balancing motives, which is a pretty high degree of reaſon.

In Senegal, the oſtrich, ſits upon her eggs, only during the night, leaving them in the day to the heat of the ſun. At the Cape of Good Hope, where the heat is not ſo great, ſhe ſits upon them, day and night. Rabbits, when domeſticated, are not inclined to burrow: Bees augment the depth of their cells, and increaſe their number, as occaſion requires; a waſp, carrying out a dead companion, from the neſt, if he finds it too heavy, cuts off the head, and carries out the load in two portions.

In countries where monkies abound, birds, which in other countries, build in buſhes or clefts of trees, ſuſpend their neſts at the end of ſlender twigs. The nymphæ of water moths, which cover themſelves, with caſes of ſtraw, gravel, or ſhells, contrive to make their caſes, nearly in equlibrium with the water; when too heavy, they add a bit of wood or ſtraw; when too light, a bit of gravel.

[*Smellie, Edinburgh Tranſactions, vol. i. page* 44.]

(I) SENSATION, implies a ſentient principle, or mind; whatever feels, therefore, is mind; of courſe the loweſt ſpecies, of animals, is endowed, with mind; but the minds of animals, have very different powers; and theſe powers are expreſſed, by peculiar actions: The ſtructure of their bodies, is uniformly adapted, to the powers of their minds; and no mature animal, attempts actions, which Nature, has not enabled it, to perform:

The inſtincts of animals however, appear, often, previouſly, to the expanſion of thoſe inſtruments, which Nature intended they ſhould employ: This view of inſtinct is ſimple; it removes every objection to the exiſtence of mind, in brutes, and unfolds all their actions, by referring them to motives, perfectly ſimilar, to thoſe, by which man is actuated: The notion, that animals are machines, is therefore, too abſurd, to merit refutation.

[*Mr. Smellie.*]

Let cavillers deny,
That brutes have reaſon, ſure 'tis ſomething more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and ſtratagems inſpire
Beyond the ſhort extent of human thought.

[*Somerville.*]

In treating of the principles of morals, we ſhould enquire, by what means does the mind prefer one tenor of conduct to another, and whe-

ther virtue conſiſts in benevolence ; as Dr. Hutchenſon thinks, or in acting ſuitably to the different relations we ſtand in, according to Dr. Clark ; or in the wiſe, and prudent purſuit, of our own real and ſolid happineſs.

Self-preſervation, and the propagation of the ſpecies, are the great ends which Nature ſeems to have propoſed, in the formation of all animals. But though they are endued with a very ſtrong deſire of thoſe ends ; it has not been intruſted to the ſlow, and uncertain determinations of reaſon to find out the proper means, of bringing them about : Nature has directed them, and us, to the greater part of them, by original and immediate inſtincts : hunger, thirſt : The paſſions which unite the two ſexes ; the love of pleaſure, and the dread of pain ; prompt us to apply, thoſe means, for their own ſakes ; without any conſideration of their tendency to thoſe beneficent ends, which the

great Director of Nature, intended to produce by them.

[*Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, p.* 168.]

(H) By Nature, man is impreſſed, with an attachment to himſelf, and to his own ſpecies; of the warmeſt kind: This ſtamp of Nature's hand, is indeed, inſeparable from life: Actuated by its influence, we cultivate every thing, that ſeems to have a tendency to make mankind happy: But this principle, great, and neceſſary as it is, is apt to influence our judgment, in the moſt important ſpeculations; and to lead us, into concluſions ill founded, and erroneous:—It is this prevailing love of human life, and an attachment, to whatever may be thought to reſemble it; which has ſeparated man, at ſo great a diſtance from the beautiful works of Nature; and has raiſed him, in imagination, to the higheſt, and moſt lofty ſtation, in the ſcale of exiſtence: Aſk the undiſtinguiſhed maſs of people, how things, came into

exiſtence ; and for what purpoſe they exiſt : They will diſgrace the magnificence of nature ; and even go ſo far, as to ſay ; they were for their own, particular uſe, and accommodation : In ſuch an erroneous light, has the world, and the magnificent univerſe itſelf been viewed.

What pains, are taken, to ſtop the inlets, of all knowledge, to blind, or to confuſe, mankind : Effectually deceived, do not the greateſt part of them ; thank their imaginary benefactors : do not they, too frequently, pay the greater deference to men, in proportion, as they propagate abſurdities : Can we, amid ſuch confuſion, of ideas, though poſſeſſed, of the diſpoſition ; accompliſh, the purpoſe of doing juſtice either to ourſelves, or to our fellow creatures ?

[*Toulmin, on the Eternity of the World, page* 114—119.]

(I) There is not uſe alone, interwoven ; but a ſtriking, and inimitable beauty on the face ; and

in the whole arrangement of nature; we are ſtruck with pleaſing aſtoniſhment; at the magnificence, are entertained, with the variety; are charmed with the bloom and ſplendor; the exact, and fine proportion; and the delightful air; through all her works.

Good humour, and a command of the paſſions; are abſolutely neceſſary to the enjoyment, of the beauties of Nature; and the frequent contemplation, of Nature, is a great means, to promote this good humour; to lull our cares aſleep, and blunt the edge of paſſion. When we ſee, a joyful creation, ſwarming round us; enjoying each their reſpective felicities, in guiltleſs peace; pouring forth, their wild and artleſs notes, we muſt be pleaſed at ſuch wide ſpread multiplied felicity.

It has been ſuppoſed that brutes act, not by a moral ſenſe, (but on very ſhallow grounds) and

therefore their ſouls are annihilated; as not deſerving any retribution in a future ſtate: That they were created for the occaſion of man, to miniſter to his pleaſures, and conveniencies: We grant, that perhaps a view might be had to thoſe ends, in the formation of ſeveral ſorts of them. But it is a proof of much vanity and ignorance, to conſider them, as created only for theſe purpoſes: It is certain that they have ideas, and a power of communicating them; every ſpecies has a language peculiar to itſelf; by means of which, all the individuals that compoſe it; are able to converſe with each other; to impart their pains and pleaſures; their fears, and dangers; their deſires, and intentions; and what can all this ariſe from, but an intelligent principle reſiding within them? We may obſerve the fitneſs of means, and ends; of objects, and organs, and may preſume, by analogy, that they have their proper ſphere of action, their labour, their enjoyments, ſuited to their capacities; and inſignificant as they may

ſeem; the wiſdom, and providence of the Creator, in their accurate organization: the perfect conſtruction of their bodies, and in the proviſion made for their ſupport; are as evident as in the conſtruction, and government of a world.

[*Rev. Mr. Dean, on future Life of Brutes.*]

The cuſtom of the Jews, and from them, the Mahometans, is much to be commended in one particular, which regards the manner of killing thoſe animals their law allows them to eat. The perſon appointed for this purpoſe is obliged to prepare a knife of conſiderable length, which is made as ſharp, as the keeneſt razor, the utmoſt care being taken that the leaſt notch, or inequality may not remain upon the edge. With this he is obliged to cut the throat and blood veſſels at one ſtroke, whereby the painful manner of knocking them down, which often requires ſeveral cruel blows, and ſtabbing in the neck, with a blunt knife, are avoided. It was a law, founded on true reaſon,

that whatſoever beaſt was mangled in killing for food, ſhould be accounted unclean, though in itſelf it was not held unclean, if there were no other meaning in it, than to avoid as much as poſſible any kind of cruelty in giving them pain at their deaths, and highly to be applauded by every humane breaſt.

[*Dr. Parſons, page* 184.]

According to a Levitical law, the following prohibition is declared: "If a bird's neſt chance "to be before thee in the way, in any tree or on "the ground, whether they be young ones or "eggs, and the dam ſitting upon the young "ones, or upon the eggs, thou ſhalt not take the "dam with the young, but thou ſhalt in any wiſe "let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, "and that thou may'ſt prolong thy days." The obedience of this law is enforced with the promiſe of ſuch an extraordinary bleſſing, and the juſtice, and reaſonableneſs thereof is ſo obvious, that it is

amazing, that ſo little regard is paid to it. It is proper to obſerve, that by the words of the law, that the view of a bird's neſt would be chiefly accidental only, and that even then it was of great importance to forbid the cruelty of making the parents captives, in ſuch a ſtate, when their affections, were ſo tenderly excited; what then ſhould be ſaid of the univerſal practice of ſearching out, and deſtroying, not only the eggs or young, but, if poſſible, the dam alſo? The words, "in any wiſe," import, that the young ones or eggs ſhould remain untouched, if ſafe, for it is ſaid, "But thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the dam "go," meaning, thou ſhalt take neither dam nor young, unleſs you chance to ſee the neſt, on the ground, or in a tree, where they are liable to be hurt, for then it might be a kindneſs, to take them away, but in no wiſe, to take the dam.

[*Deuter.* xxii. 6.]

There are ſome perſons, ſtrong advocates, for a pre-eſtabliſhed harmony; and that the Creator is at reſt, from all future work, or care; as if the multitude, or minuteneſs, of the creatures, was an argument, againſt a providential regard to them: the ſame, might be equally urged, againſt their original formation:---it is from our limited powers, and imperfect capacities, that we think, any thing hard, or difficult for God; as it is pride, that ſuggeſts any thing as mean, and inſignificant, for the divine inſpection:—the variety, and almoſt infinite number, of beings, that occupy the univerſe, are far from being an objection, to a Divine Providence, as ſubjecting it to too great a multiplicity of concerns:—the infinite Spirit, which pervades, fills, and animates the univerſe; can with equal eaſe effect the different operations of nature; nor can the opinion of his perpetual, or occaſional agency, diminiſh the grandeur of his attributes.

Led by ſuch wonders, ſages have opin'd,
That bees, have portions, of a heav'nly mind,
That God pervades; and like one common ſoul,
Fills, feeds, and animates, the world's great whole,
That flocks, herds, beaſts, and men, from him
receive,
Their vital breath: in him all move and live:
That ſouls diſcerp'd from him, ſhall never die,
But back reſolv'd to God, and Heav'n ſhall fly,
And live for ever, in the ſtarry ſky.

[*Warton's Virgil.*]

LETTER

FROM

PHILALETHES

TO THE

AUTHOR.

DEAR SIR,

WHILE I applaud, and reverence, your concern, and generous care; for what are called, irrational animals; I am flattered by the confidence, which you profeſs for me, to promote the laudable deſign, that you, ſo ſtrenuouſly urge, for their relief; I think, that to produce, much good, in this caſe; the moſt; and indeed, the only effectual means, muſt be in diſcourſes, from the pulpit, (which, have hitherto, been deficient in that point): For any obſervations, from caſual reading; how much ſoever, they are agreeable to

reaſon, will have, but a tranſient effect, to prevent, or redreſs, grievances, that are imagined, to be but ſlender, and remote: But, ſanctioned by the church's authority, would not fail to impreſs the minds of youth to reſpect the feeling of all creatures whatſoever: Why this is not yet attended to, I think may be accounted for, from the violent contentions concerning the tenets of Chriſtianity which enſued, ſoon after its publication; that deſtroyed, many hundred thouſand lives: It is no wonder then, that its generous, diſintereſted ſpirit, ſhould in ſuch conflicts, be confined to the ſole, and ſelfiſh conſideration, of the intereſts, of that ſpecies, which alone, can take part, or appear on a ſuperficial view to be ſo much concerned in them. I am afraid that many of my brethren, will not be diſintereſted, or bold enough, to oppoſe theſe prejudices of mankind, to let them know, that our dignity and importance, will not be at all degraded, by admitting them, to be partakers of the inexhauſtible bounty of the

infinite God of Nature. What little ability I poſſeſs, ſhall be employed for that purpoſe occaſionally, which, conſidering the prejudice, and bigotry, of the generality of mankind, requires diſcreet management.

I will not now, ſay any thing more in reply to your's, only that my opinion on this ſubject, is ſtrengthened, in coincidence, with your's; but cannot forbear ſending to you, ſome remarks thereon, in a letter to me, from a Friend, to whom, I communicated your's; which I hope you will conſider with that candor, with which I know you are poſſeſſed.

LETTER

TO

PHILALETHES.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE perused your Friend's Epistles, and as you desired my opinion of them, I here give it you, with a few remarks: The Author shews a compassionate, and good-natured wish, and endeavour, (although his Muse uncourtly crawls along,) to abate the rigor, exercised against the irrational animals, which I sincerely applaud, so far, and in such instances, as will not degrade the allowed importance, or preclude the indulgence of the gratifications, of mankind; who you must admit, have a grant of dominion over them, by a charter to our first parents: I would not be thought to believe that they are mere machines,

or inſenſible of pain and pleaſure: But ſure you will allow, that as inſtruments for our uſe, their happineſs, cannot be held in competition with our own: Now, in divers inſtances, which he calls cruelty; important conſequences may be produced, for the indulgence of our pleaſing paſtime, and maintaining our dignity, by firſt laying a proper foundation, in the will of children, ſuffering their diſpoſition, not to be with too much ſeverity controuled, if they ſhould be obſerved thruſting pins into flies, ſwinging a cat by its tail, or with pitch fixing walnut ſhells to its feet, or tying a canniſter to a dog's tail; pulling off the wings of inſects; toſſing up, or tearing unfledged birds, and things of that nature, which eſtabliſh a proper ſenſe of their power, and fortify them againſt the concern of pitiful ſoft reflections, and make them qualified, to maintain their own honour, or join in defence of that of their country: Such were the maxims of the renowned Lacedæmonian legiſlator, and other conquering

heroes of old. Would, think you, our late Generals Cortes, and Pizarro, who have tranſmitted immenſe ſums of gold, and ſilver into Europe, by ſubduing, and ſlaughtering the greateſt part of the obſtinate inhabitants, have acquired ſuch wealth and honour, had they been checked in the exerciſe of their free ſpirit when young? Could we ſince have cultivated ſo well theſe our bravely conquered lands, to produce ſuch comforts of life, by the labour of the inhabitants of the torrid climate of Africa, had we all been educated in the maxims of compaſſion, and the pretended univerſal right to freedom of all mankind? Why he has not mentioned theſe ſo uſeful ſlaves I wonder; whether, being convinced that they are not only human, but rational, and therefore being entitled to the protection of the laws of the country to which they are ſent, need not be included in his ſcheme; or whether, as it is a ſubject at preſent under diſcuſſion of the ſupreme Aſſembly of the nation, he would not meddle; yet I muſt ſay,

that inuring the mind too much to compaſſion to the brutes, or indeed to all the unfortunate, and defenceleſs of the human kind, may weaken the force of our charter of dominion over the firſt, and deprive us of many advantages we might have over the laſt, without infringing the laws of our country: Beſides, it will ſtill more depreſs the noble ardor, which, on the decline of chivalry, was transferred to bull, and bear baiting, cock throwing, cock fighting, cudgeling, and prize fighting, &c. but is now dwindling to handy-fiſt boxing, the only bloody paſtime, which ſeems to prevail, except with the lovers of the chace, and of the fowling-piece; whoſe ſpirit, ſhould it be damped by ſuch examples, I would ſubſtitute another means of preſerving a daring ſpirit.

As the execution of our Penal Laws, have been ineffectual for preventing murder, and other heinous crimes, I would propoſe that the ſort of dogs, called blood hounds, ſhould hunt down

and devour, one at a time, as their deſtined prey, thoſe who, by their crimes, have forfeited their lives to the ſtate ; the fears, of which, would deter them more than any means, that have yet been uſed : The regulations, to be digeſted into a bill for the conſideration of the legiſlature ; if any one ſhould think that this method, will not ſtrike terror ſufficient ; as many of them, perhaps, have been uſed to join with the dogs in jovial ſport, to hunt down lives ; let them think, how thoſe criminals muſt be affected, with the moſt excruciating terrors, of being torn to pieces, by ſuch ravenous creatures, whoſe dreadful clamors, even at a diſtance, muſt diſmay the ſtouteſt victim of their blood-thirſty rage. Notwithſtanding, we may boaſt that we have abundance of huntſmen, of approved fidelity and tenderneſs, who (unlike the abandoned wretches at the gallows, that diſpatch the victims without any feeling) have been moved at the tears of the poor

ſtag, and will, no doubt, commiſerate a human creature, when in the ſad devouring jaws of deſtruction: For I do not think that ſuch ſuffering, would be expiatory, were the tables to be turned hereafter, as ſome have ſuggeſted, in favour of individual ſufferers here, by retaliation.

This opinion may be agreeable to your Friend's; not that I have any good grounds, to ſay that he believes, in the tranſmigration of ſouls; but he ſeems to think all animated Nature to be of one family. That Virtue is inſeparably allied to Nature, and that there never was any quarrel between them: That he ſuppoſes it was an invention of Virtue's ſervants, to ſpread a report, that Nature had treated their miſtreſs ill, and that they were taking a great deal of pains, to make up the breach; for I have been informed, he has ſaid, many people doubted whether there was ever ſuch a quarrel: That it was pity ſhe did

not diveſt herſelf, however, of that great ward-robe of attire, which they, out of pretence for her honour, had ſupplied at immenſe pains and coſt, with violent diſputes, about what became her beſt, and go clad with only a plain tranſparent mantle, which would not obſcure her beautiful form; inſtead of the thick woven ſtuffs, embroidered with enigmatic hieroglyphics; and alſo that ſhe would order her window ſhutters to be taken away, and the long dark avenues, where her ſervants uſed to lounge, be made light, and ſhorter, and that ſome other private paſſages, through which it is pretended that the whole confuſed group of creatures, that entered Noah's ark, find their way, and through which ſome bewildered of mankind, by ſtooping have reſolutely entered; may be made more paſſable, for thoſe who have miſtaken the high road: You cannot ſurely excuſe ſuch meddlers, who queſtion the infallibility of the moſt ſolemn con-

vocated Synods, Councils, and Conſiſtories; which your Friend irreverentially calls

——" The muddied pool,
" Where ſuperſtition foſters dark deceit:"

But will, I hope, declare your diſapprobation of ſuch heterodox opinions: However I will not now tire you more, as the poſt is going out.

Adieu.

———

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

Page 21, line 5, the, *read* ye.

Page 24, line 14, pendant, *read* pendent.

Page 43, line 10, ſhew, *read* ſhaw.

Page 72, line 3, they, *read* there.

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